ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

$30

HOT & Juicy

STARRING

DAVID GRAYSON
BOBBY MADISON
LEE STERN
TIM RICHARDS
CHRIS TAYLOR
SCOTT SIMPSON
CARL REEVES

FILM IN THE WILLIAM HIGGINS TRADITION

EXCERPTS FROM THE WILLIAM HIGGINS MOTION PICTURE,

BROTHER LOAD

100 COLOR PAGES

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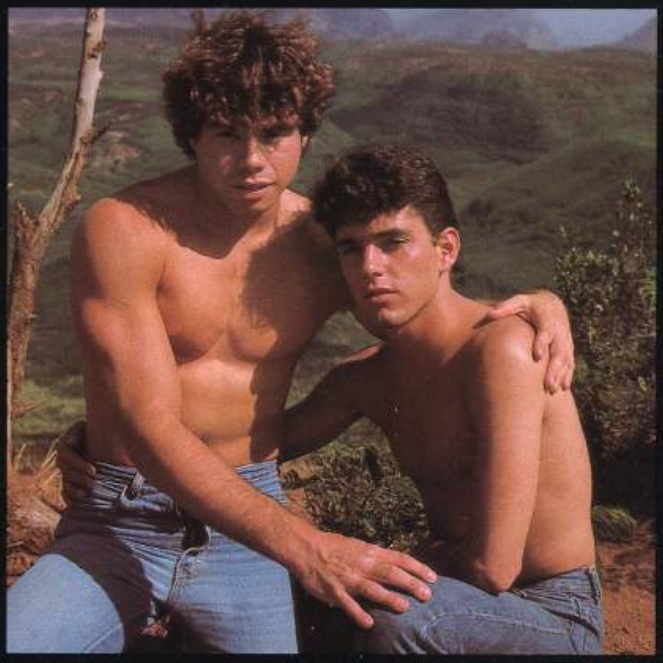
BROTHER LOAD

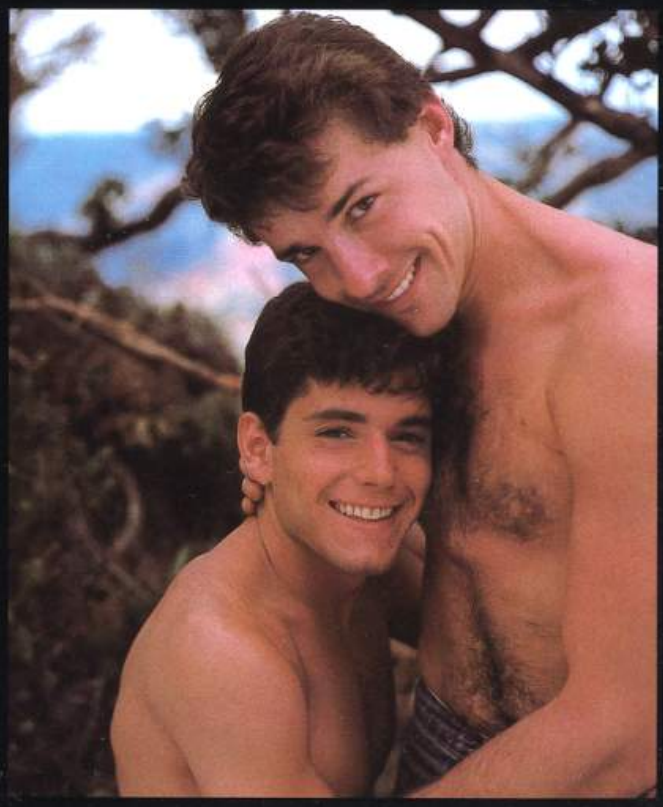
IN THE WILLIAM HIGGINS TRADITION

FROM WILLIAM HIGGINS' CALIFORNIA

Lava Fuck

Excerpts from BROTHER LOAD -
A Film By William Higgins





STARRING
PAUL and BOBBY MADISON
SCOTT SIMPSON
CARL REEVES

Bobby Madison has always been real close to his older brother Paul, and on their first trip to Hawaii, they were practically together constantly. Sharing the same hotel room, hanging around together, you-name-it. And make no mistake about it, they got really close on this trip away from home, even to the point of jacking off together!

One afternoon, they were soaking up rays on the balcony of their high rise hotel room when they both got turned on. They watched each other whip off a load worthy of the family name.

But Bobby longed for something different. Something more exciting. A little variety, so to speak. Jacking off with one's brother wasn't quite cutting it. So later that afternoon he told Paul he was going for a drive and didn't know when he'd be back. Paul just nodded and took a nap, and that's when Bobby headed off on an Hawaiian adventure that he'd never forget!

He rented a jeep and took off towards a more deserted side of the island, since he'd seen all the tourists and luaus he could handle for awhile. He'd heard from friends who'd been there that there wasn't anything to compare to the quieter sides of the islands where there are no footprints on the sand and even fewer distractions. And that's what Bobby needed—a place to relax, think, and maybe even get in a little nude sunbathing. It was a beautiful day, he figured, so why waste it?

He got directions from a local beach buff, and took off for less-trodden paths. And he found them. He finally got to a beach with white sands unlittered by beer cans and pure as the driven snow. Even though

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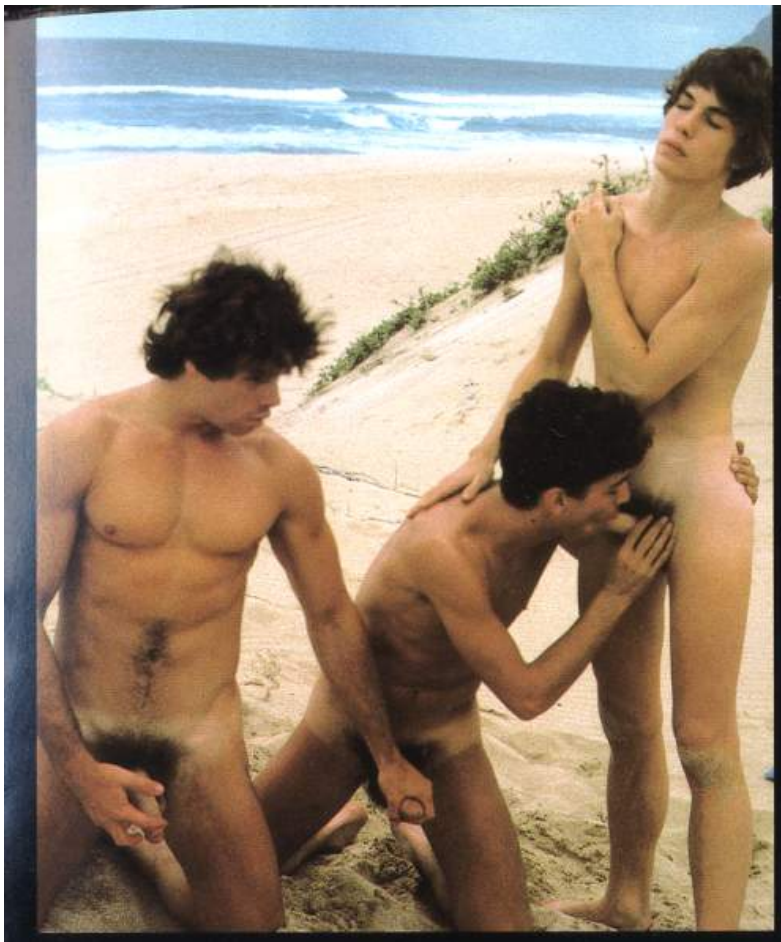
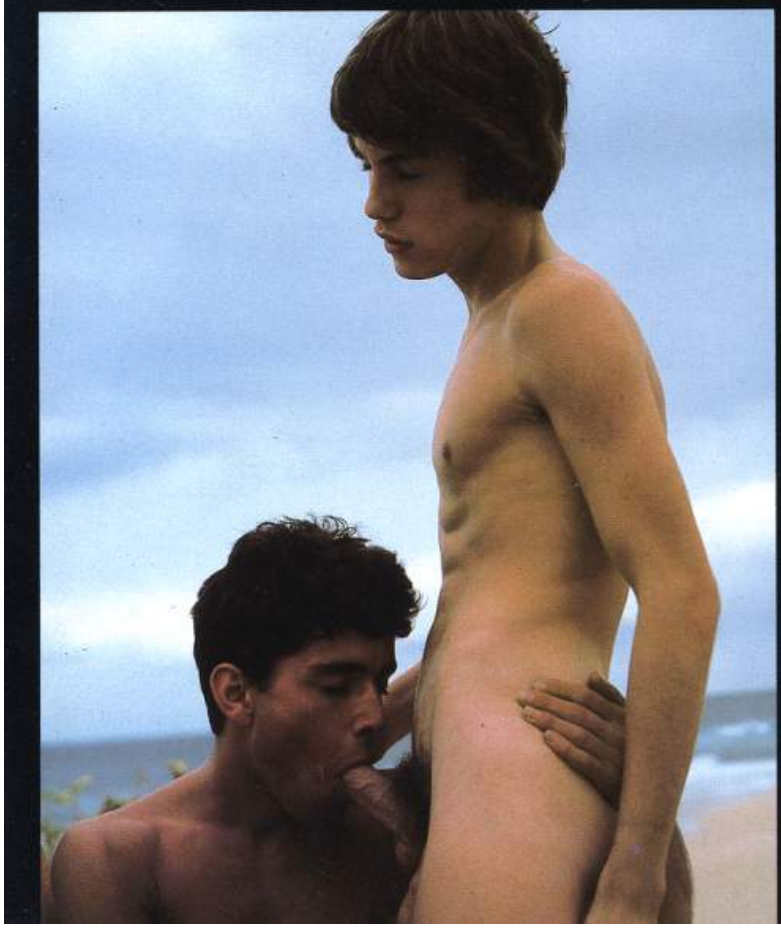
"...little Scott went down for cocksucking duty on their new-found friend."





the beach wasn't totally deserted, he could tell it was off the beaten track enough to be totally liberal, considering that more than half of the beachgoers there were in the nude. This is the place for me, Bobby thought, hopped out of the jeep, and headed towards the white sands in the distance.

It wasn't long before he laid eyes on a couple young studs having a grand old time swimming and horsing around not far from where Bobby had laid out a big sleeping bag to sunbathe on.

One of the guys couldn't have been more than 18 or 19, and looked it. Except for his fairly long dark hair, he didn't have a hair on that tight little body of his. Bobby always had been turned onto smooth-bodied young guys like himself. The older of the two—though not by much—was built big and had muscles that had to be seen to be believed. Huge shoulders and pecs worthy of a bodybuilder, a broad back with flaring lats. And all of it tapering down to a tightly rippled stomach and big, man-sized thighs and legs. All in all, this curly-headed stud was a sight to behold in the skimpy little trunks he and his friend were wearing.

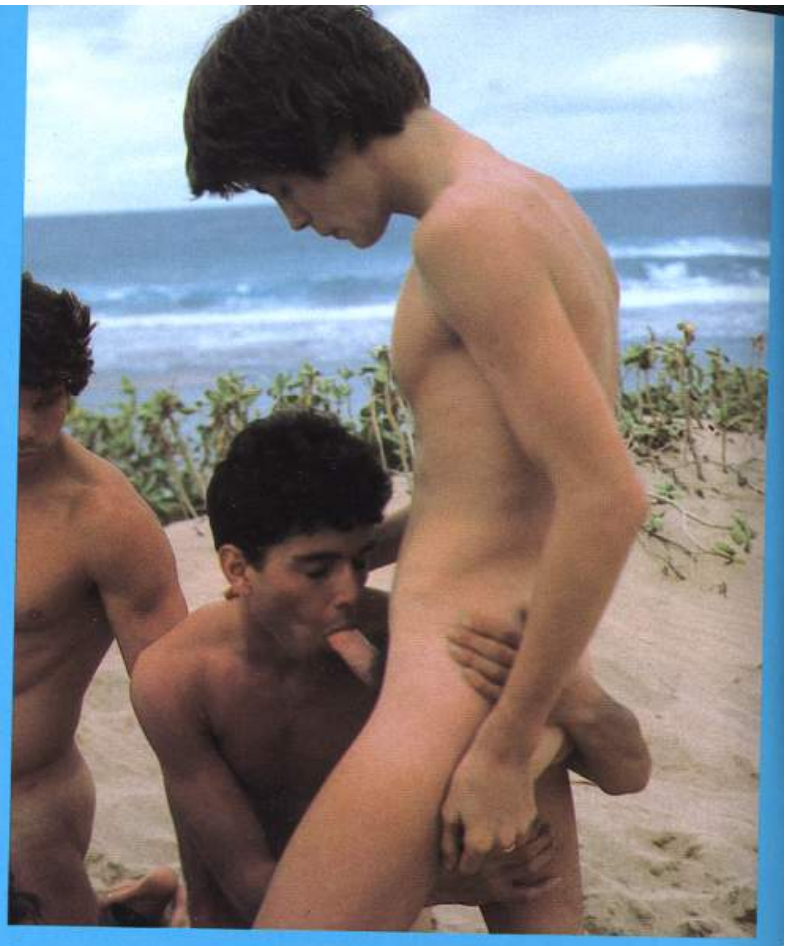
Bobby didn't even think they'd notice him on his sleeping bag a ways down the beach, but they had. Both Scott, the younger one, and Carl, the muscle-bound one, had hot sacks and hadn't missed Bobby spread out a ways down the beach. They were just pals and usually didn't mess around, but they'd been hoping to come across

somebody just like the young stud soaking up the rays in the distance. They discussed ways to strike up a conversation, but finally decided to just walk on over and introduce themselves.

When they got up to Bobby, he sat up and smiled and the rest came easy. They plopped down on either side of him and introduced themselves and in no time at all they were all old friends and all three dicks were stirring beneath trunks. It wasn't long before everyone else had left since it was getting to be late afternoon, and they had the beach totally to themselves. They decided to enjoy it. First the trunks came off, then a swim, and then back onto the sleeping bag built-for-three.

One thing led to another, and pretty soon all three of them had roaring hardons and hot hands. Little was said because actions spoke louder. If Scott and Carl were just friends who didn't mess around much, it sure wasn't in evidence today. There wasn't anything—except screwing—that they wouldn't or didn't do, to each other.

It was three-way action none of them would ever forget. Nobody got the short end of the stick. Bobby wasted no time going down on his knees and taking the big stud's rockhard dick in his mouth while Scott watched and made out with his pal. When he had Carl breathing hot and heavy, Bobby got up and little Scott went down for cocksucking duty on their newfound friend. Bobby couldn't keep his hands off of Carl's magnificent chest and when he

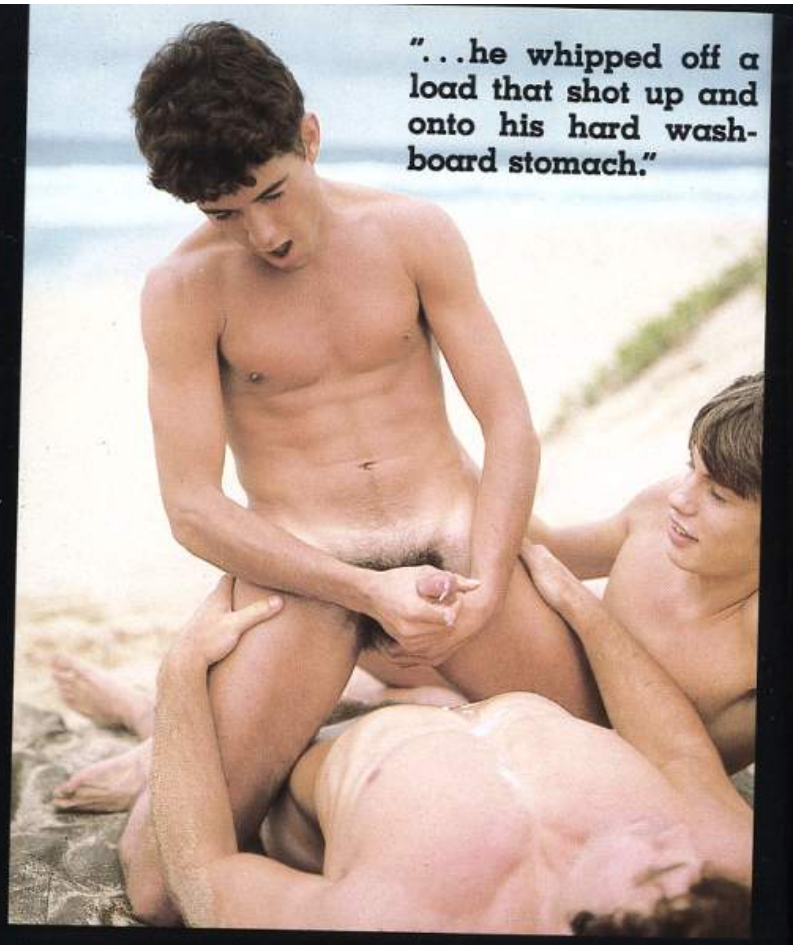


looked into the big stud's eyes, there was silent communication that said each of them wanted to do a one-on-one trip before long.

When Bobby felt his balls rising, he stopped Scott's sucking and went down on the teenager's own sizeable studmeat. They all took turns on one another until all of them were leaking like hell and ready to pop. The first to let 'er rip was Carl, who was laying on his back, muscles rippling in his arms and chest, as he whipped off a load that shot up and onto his hard washboard stomach. Bobby and Scott watched wide-eyed as Carl milked his dick, and then Bobby got up over Carl and brought up his second big load of the day. The first two spurts shot all the way up into the deep valley between Carl's massive pecs and ran down the sides of his neck. Then jokingly, both guys took their hands and rubbed the cum on Carl's chest into a soapy lather, laughing all the while.

But Scott hadn't cum, and even though his dick was still rockhard, he said he wanted to go for a walk and took off. Bobby turned to Carl and asked, "Is it something I said?" Carl just laughed, wiping the cum off his body with a towel. "Naw, Scott's like that. He likes to do his own thing when it comes to jerking off." Bobby was puzzled, but figured to each his own.

But the sun hadn't set yet, and now Bobby and Carl were finally alone. After an awkward silence, Carl got up and said, "Hey, how 'bout a walk up the mountainside? The view at sunset's really bitchin'."



"...he whipped off a load that shot up and onto his hard washboard stomach."

Bobby grinned. "Sure, let's go." So they gathered up the sleeping bag and started out towards the steep brushy hillside in the distance.

Once they reached the summit, both of them were out of breath. They laid out the coverlet and plopped down on it as the sky turned pink and the sun began to disappear in the West. In each other's arms like this, with Bobby snuggled in the massive warmth of Carl's big arms and chest, both of them felt closer than either could remember. Closer than sex could ever bring them.

But sex was something that just seemed to keep cropping up. Touching like this was enough to get both of their young dicks on the rise again, and pretty soon they were at it hot and heavy. Something about being out in nature that brings out the beast in a man, they joked.

There was the preliminary sucking and even some 69ing, but both of them somehow knew that, with just the two of them in this deserted place, they had to fuck. Or at least try. Carl took the initiative. He got Bobby on his knees, slapped generous gobs of spit on his dick and on Bobby's tight hole, and tried to push his way in. But Bobby, who'd never been fucked before, just couldn't relax enough to let Carl get much more than the head of his big dick in his virgin fuckhole. Not that Carl didn't try. But finally it was just no use.

"Why don't you fuck me?" Carl said, and Bobby was caught by surprise. He'd never figured such a big-built stud would even

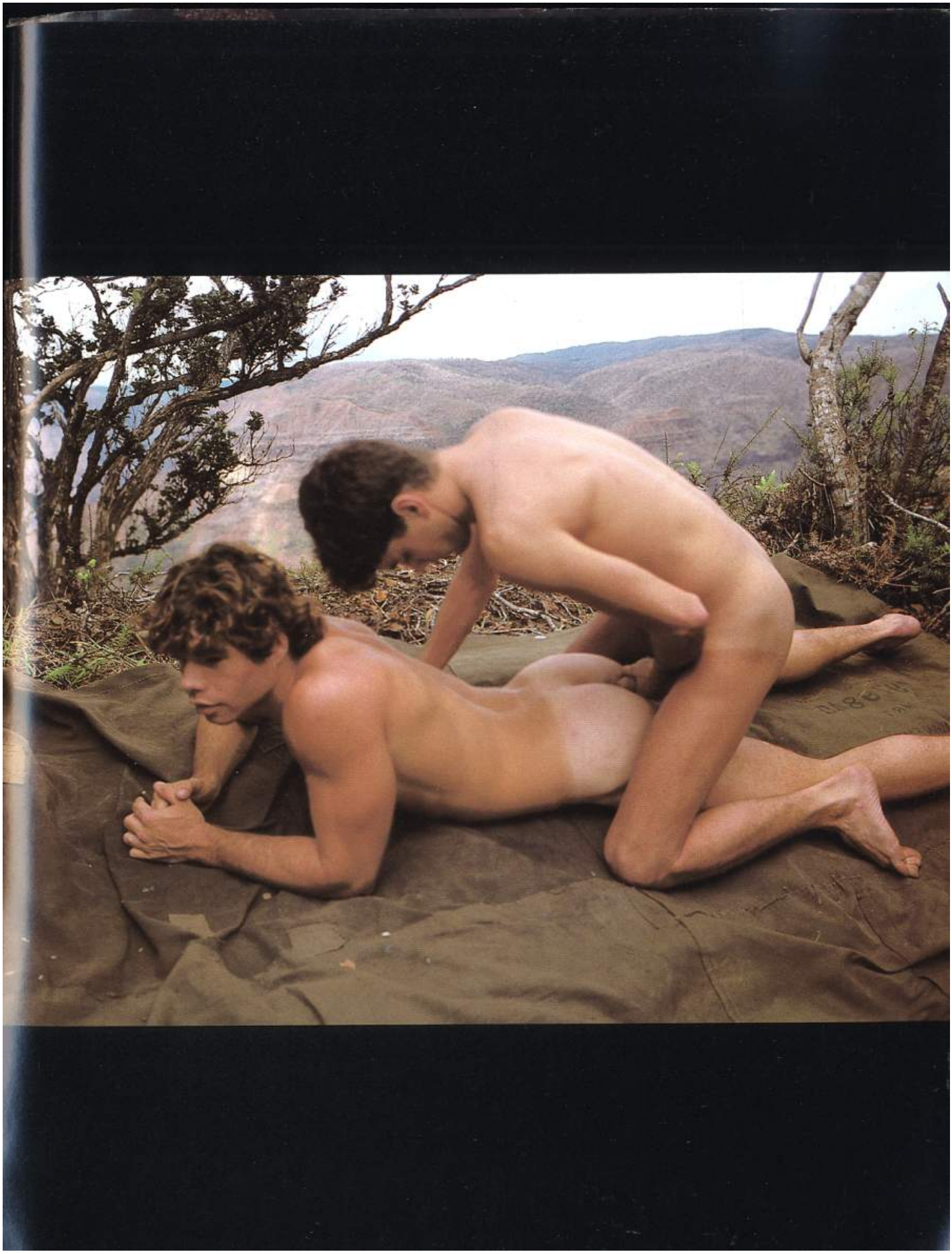
consider getting plowed, but Bobby jumped at the chance. Before Carl could get turned over on his stomach, Bobby was behind him and poking at his backdoor. "Put some spit on it," Carl told him. Before long, Bobby was in to the balls and riding the big stud for all it was worth. At first Carl's ass was good and tight, but after awhile, he got used to Bobby's sizeable studmeat, and let it push its way deep inside him.

It didn't take long before Bobby was close, and he said so. "No, I want you to cum on me," Carl said. With that, Bobby pulled his wet dick out, Carl turned over, and Bobby got up over him. It only took a couple strokes while Carl played with Bobby's balls, and pretty soon Bobby began spurting his third load of the day. You'd think he hadn't cum in a week. It shot all over Carl's rippled stomach and up onto his pecs until he was drenched in cum in that same way he'd been a half hour earlier on the beach. When it was over, Bobby

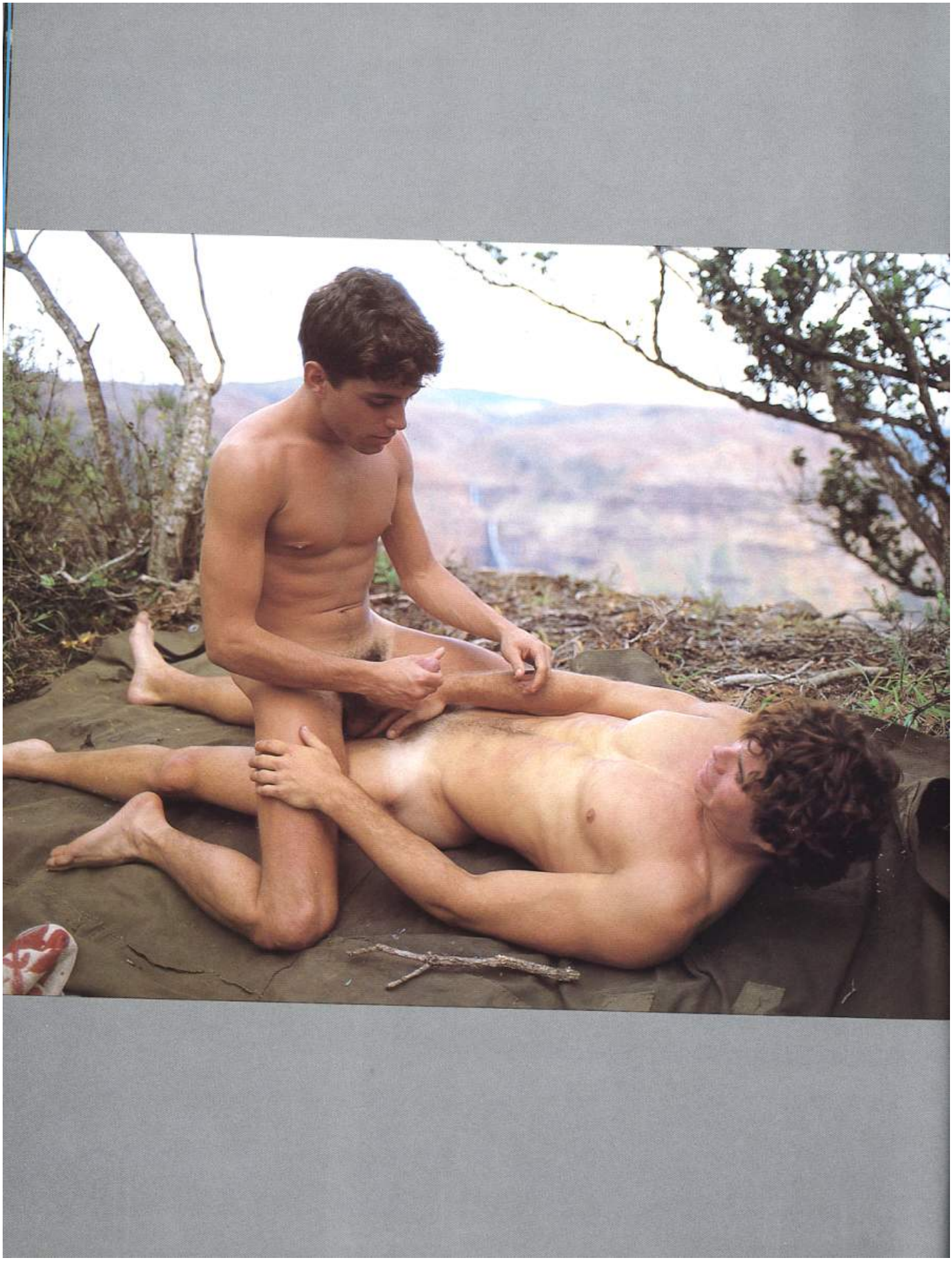
collapsed next to Carl and the two of them just stayed there in each other's arms.

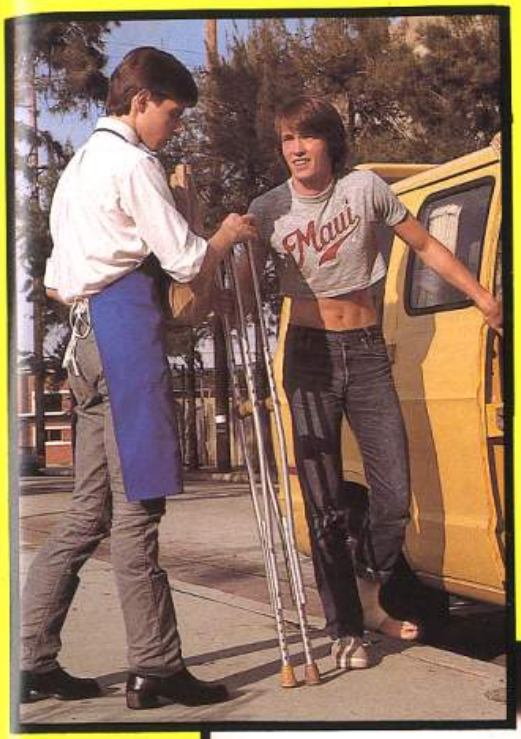
At the same time, not far away, where Bobby's jeep was parked, Scott was getting his own kicks. He sat on the front bumper of the jeep, and worked his own big meat into a lather. It wasn't long before he closed his eyes, leaned back, and shot out the load he'd been saving up for days. When he was done, the only sound was his heavy breathing and the wind whipping through the glades on either side of the dirt road. He wondered what his friends were up to, but it didn't take much imagination. He smiled to himself and headed off to join them.

"Bobby wasted no time going down on his knees and taking the big stud's rockhard dick in his mouth..."



"Before long, Bobby was in to the balls and riding the big stud for all it was worth."




Maui

the Boys
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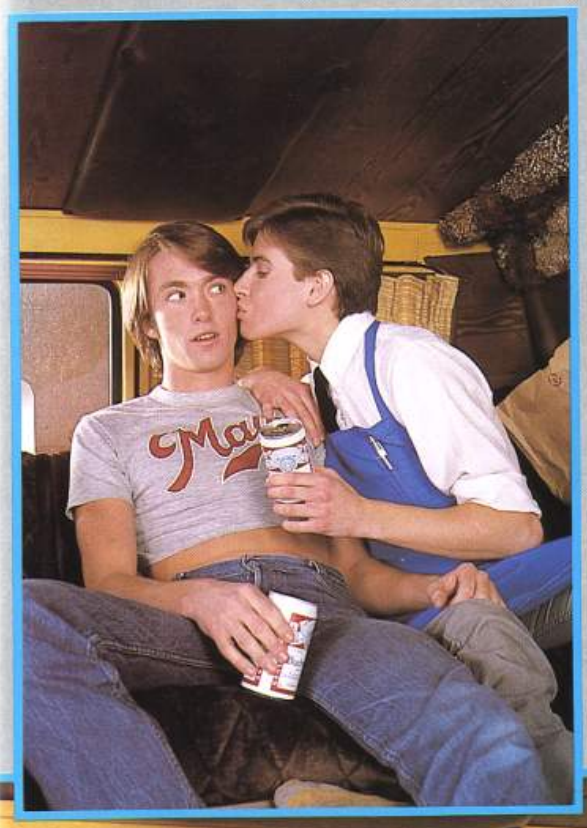


BOX BOY'S DELIGHT

FROM THE WILLIAM HIGGINS MOTION PICTURE BROTHER LOAD

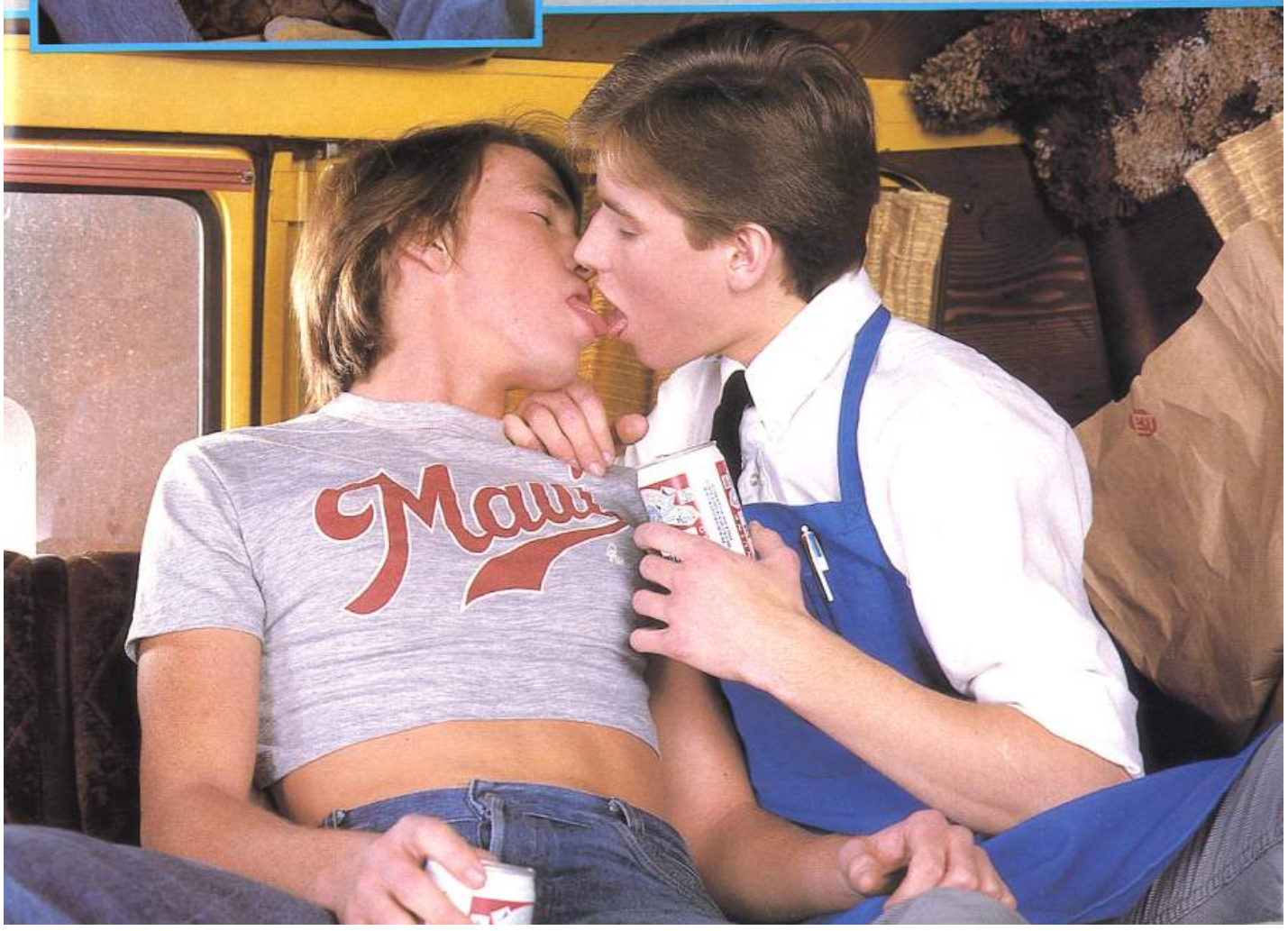
STARRING
DAVID GRAYSON
TIM RICHARDS

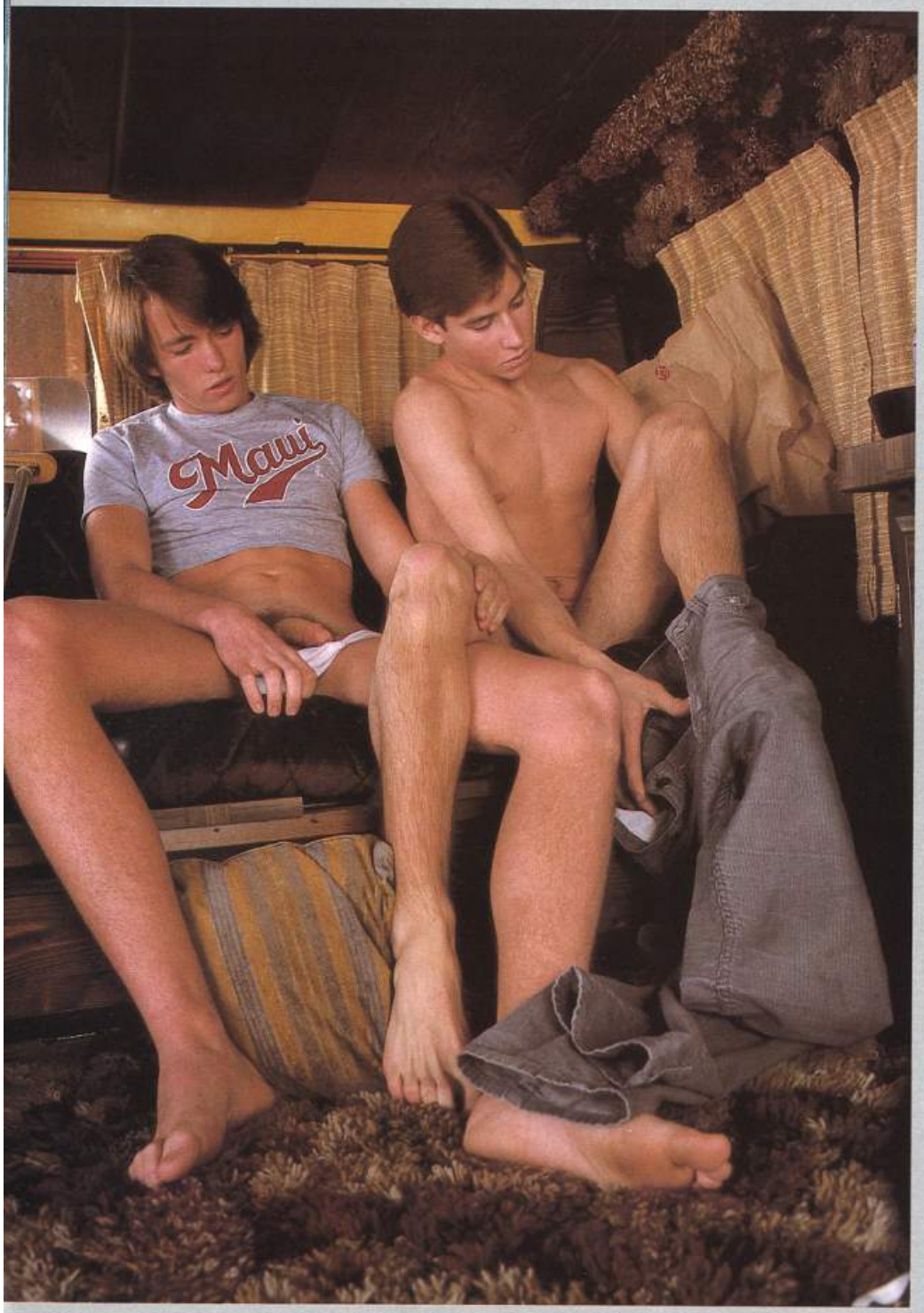
Steven Grey had come back from an Hawaiian surfing trip that put him on crutches, so Timmy offered to carry the bags out to Steven's van.

Timmy, who boxed groceries at the local market, felt a little funny playing carryout for a perfectly healthy, strapping, young man. "I usually only offer this service to little old ladies," Timmy grinned as the two of them made their way towards the bright yellow van.

"I really appreciate it," Steven smiled back. "The doc put me on these things yesterday, and I haven't got the hang of 'em yet. I feel like a helpless cripple, you know?"

"Hey, no sweat . . . that's what I'm here for . . . to help the customer," Timmy said. "Besides, I broke an ankle once skiing and I know it's a bitch."





"'You offer any other service to the customer?' Steven asked."

By the time they reached the van parked at the curb, Timmy had already managed to check out the hobbling surfer, and liked what he could see out the corner of his practiced eye. He'd picked up on this job before whenever a guy would pick up on him, but Timmy figured this one was probably straight.

What he could make out, though, looked good. The young stud was dark-haired, tall, built bigger than Timmy, and equipped in all the right places, as far as he could tell using one eye.

When they reached the van, Steven got the doors open and took the groceries from the young box boy. "Hey, I really appreciate this," Steven said, "should I give you a tip or something?" Timmy broke into a wide grin. "Naw, don't worry about it...the store pays me to do this."